TV ACTION + countdown

10p

HOLIDAY SPECIAL

THE PERSUADERS

Dr. WHO

Hawaii Five-O

UFO

To all Action fans!

If you're an action fan this is the HOLIDAY SPECIAL for you. Action with UFO and SHADO's continual fight against the Aliens . . . Action with Steve McGarratt's HAWAII FIVE-O team . . . Action with DR WHO . . . Action with CAPTAIN SCARLET and his war against the Mysterons. And if you want a little quiet action yourself there's puzzles galore! Plus a cutaway of MOONBASE, full page colour pictures of THE PERSUADERS, laughter with MOTOR-MOUSE and AUTOCAT, DASTARDLEY and MUTTLEY.

Have a good holiday, Action fans.

Dennis Hooper.

Editor.

Super

Trains of the future

Like a strange bug-eyed alien from outer space, the sharply-streamlined train glided smoothly and swiftly around the track. The train was a magnificent 1/20 model of the Super-Express now being developed by the Hitachi company of Japan. And the 300 mph express heralds a new age of ultra high speed railway travel.

JAPAN already has the fastest regular train service—the New Tokaido Express, opened in 1964, that runs at an average speed of 105 mph between the cities of Tokyo and Osaka. Now, to meet the increasing inter-city passenger traffic in booming Japan, a faster type of train is needed. And it seems that the Hitachi designed express, driven by linear motor, is the answer.

Present-day railways depend on traction created by friction between the wheels of the train and the rail. Ultra high speed above 220 mph creates slippage which cannot be overcome without an entirely new concept in train-driving systems. And that means throwing away the old-fashioned wheels!

The concept being developed by Hitachi engineers (and by scientists in the United States) is called magnetic levitation. It proposes the use of super-conducting magnets to suspend streamlined vehicles as much as a foot above the guideway, or track. A train made up of such vehicles, and propelled by electric linear induction motors, would be able to carry passengers safely and silently at speeds of 300 mph.

Magnetic Method

The method by which such a train could operate is based on the principle of magnetic repulsion, a force of nature that causes like poles of two magnets to repel each other. As the train gains speed, the magnets spaced along the length of the vehicle would act like the moving armatures of an electrical generator, causing currents to build up in the aluminium guideway. These currents would in turn generate magnetic fields of their own which would repel the original magnetic fields and provide a levitating, or lifting force.

The same magnetic force that lifts the vehicle a few inches off the ground could also be used to keep it centred in the guideway. For example, if the train tended to drift to one side, the repelling magnetic forces on that side of the guideway would become even stronger, keeping the vehicle in the centre.

By Air Cushion

In Britain, too, we are developing a wheel-less Super-Express. Experimental work is well advanced on a hovertrain capable of 300 mph. This vehicle is supported by an air cushion, guided along a monorail, and propelled by electric linear motors. There is a working model of the hovertrain that flashes over an elevated test track at Earith, near Cambridge.

The main use for ultra high speed trains would be to link up out-lying major airports to big cities. For example, an airport linked by hovertrain could be sited a hundred miles or more from the city or region which it serves. And with super-expresses averaging around 250 mph, no major city in Britain would be more than about two hours from London.

An even more advanced idea is the Super-Tube train, which could travel at speeds of 1,000 mph and more! Such a vehicle would take the form of a cylinder which fits inside a large metal tube, or tunnel; the air would be sucked away in front of the cylinder-train and pumped in at great force behind it. Passengers in the vehicle would be as comfortable as those riding in pressurised cabins of airliners.

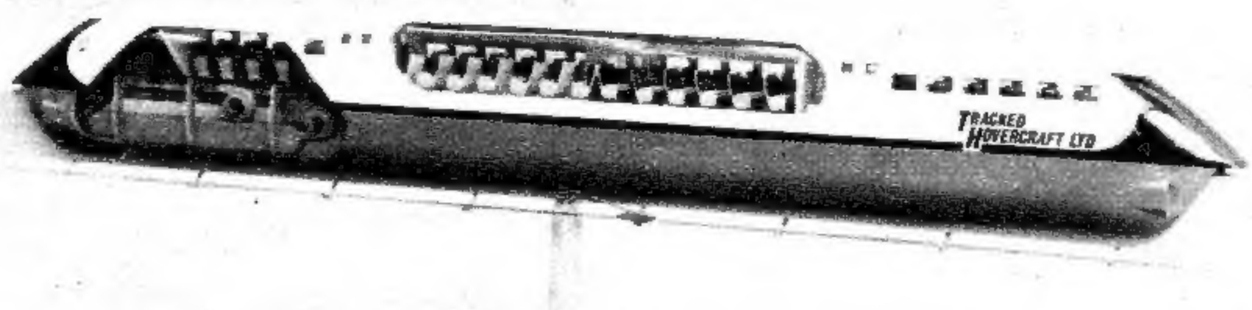
Meanwhile, British Rail is building a new type of wheeled express to be put into regular service in the very near future. It is the 150 mph Advanced Passenger Train (APT). Designed to ride smoothly over existing track, the APT will offer almost silent travel. This will be ensured by air-conditioned carriages with sealed double-glazed windows, a careful choice of seat design, and by placing the sound-insulated vehicle body on rubber mountings.

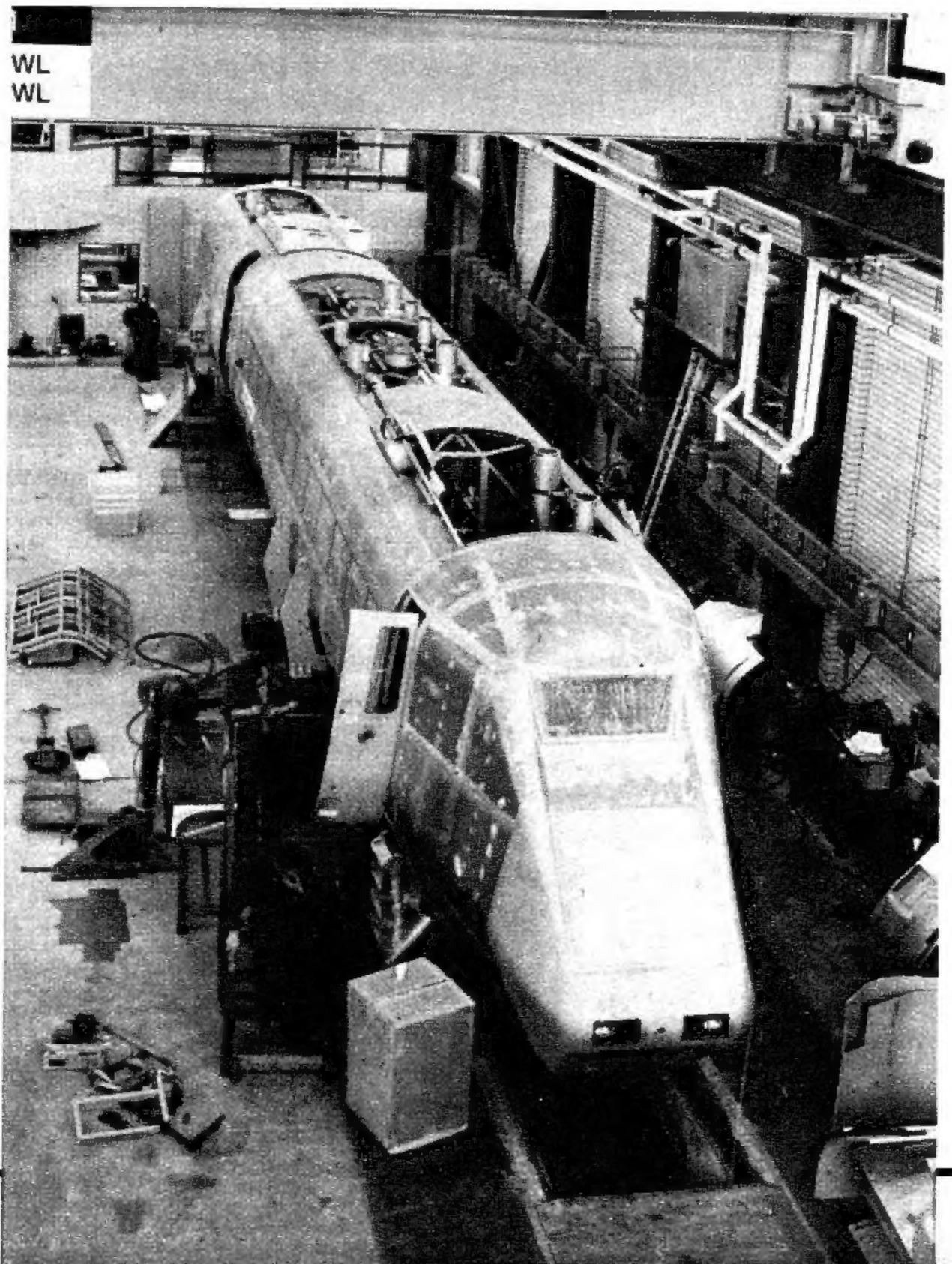
To keep passengers in their seats when this very fast train takes a curve, the APT will incorporate a hydraulically-operated vehicle-body tilting mechanism capable of "banking" the carriages by up to nine degrees to either side. This will allow passengers to ride comfortably in their seats in a completely unaffected manner as the train hurtles round curves at more than 100 mph.

Left: Model of the 300 mph Super Express being developed by Hitachi.

Right: Cutaway model of the 300 mph hovertrain being developed in Britain.

Below: British Rail's Advanced Passenger Train (APT) taking shape at Derby.





Low Level Drag

Another novel feature of the train is the central position of the driver's seat brought about by the aerodynamic shape of the power-car's nose end which has been designed to reduce air drag to a low level. This, together with the small windscreen, is a complete break with tradition and the cab provides the driver with a highly efficient operating position.

Two prototype APTs—one with gas turbine propulsion and one with electric—are to be built and tested over the next few years, ready for trial in commercial service in 1974.

by Peter Newark

THE ROBOT RENEGADE

SHADO H.Q.

SKYDIVER ACTION INEFFECTIVE ... REPEAT INEFFECTIVE... MOBILE PATROL STAND BY FOR UFO— E.T.T. AREA 7 GREEN... SIX MINUTES...

MOBILE TO H.Q.... CLOSING ON ESTIMATED TERMINATION AREA... UFO NOT YET SIGHTED...

SHADO

SUDDENLY...

THERE IT IS!

ALREADY LANDED — NO WONDER WE COULDN'T SPOT IT!

READY ON THE CANNON!

HOLD YOUR FIRE!

IT'S JUST SITTING THERE WAITING FOR US TO DO SOMETHING... COULD BE A TRAP!

THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO FIND OUT! KEEP ME COVERED!

WAIT! I THINK WE SHOULD REPORT BACK...

DON'T BE SUCH AN OLD WOMAN, COLLINS! WE'LL GET NOWHERE WITHOUT TAKING RISKS!

MAYBE THE PILOT'S DEAD — OR INJURED! THIS COULD BE OUR CHANCE OF CAPTURING A UFO INTACT!

CLIFTON! CLIFTON — DON'T GO IN! I'VE RADIOED FOR SHADO TECHNICIANS...

GO AND RADIO AGAIN — TELL 'EM I'VE CAPTURED A UFO!

THE SECONDS TICK AWAY...

...NINETY SECONDS SINCE HE ENTERED THE UFO... NINETY-FIVE... NINETY-SIX...

AND THEN!

OH NO!

ONE HOUR LATER — SHADO H.Q.

CLIFTON... HUNTER... FAIRMILE! THREE GOOD MEN — ALL GONE!

AND ALL IN THE SAME WAY...

THEY ALL SAW THE CHANCE OF CAPTURING A UFO INTACT — AND ALL FELL FOR THE BOOBY-TRAP... A DELAYED SELF-DESTRUCTIVE MECHANISM!

BUT IF I GIVE ORDERS THAT OPERATIVES ARE NOT TO APPROACH UFOS — WE LOSE ALL CHANCE OF CAPTURING ONE AND... YES! WHAT IS IT?

SIR FREDERICK MARKHAM, COMMANDER! HE WANTS TO SEE YOU!

THAT'S ALL I NEEDED! THAT POMPOUS, INTERFERING OLD...

MARKHAM BETTER HAVE A PRETTY GOOD REASON FOR CALLING STRAKER!

MINUTES LATER, ED STRAKER IS ON HIS WAY TO MEET THE WHITEHALL LIAISON MAN...

MARKHAM WANTS ME TO MEET HIM AT CROFTON AIR FIELD! IF HE'S WASTING MY TIME, I'LL...

CROFTON AIR FIELD — A SECRET RESEARCH ESTABLISHMENT.

COMMANDER STRAKER — I'D LIKE YOU TO MEET DOCTOR LISMAN, A MEMBER OF MY SCIENTIFIC STAFF...

LET'S FORGET THE SOCIAL NICETIES — I HAVE A PROBLEM ON MY HANDS!

A PROBLEM — YES... I WAS... ER... INFORMED OF YOUR DIFFICULTY WITH BOOBY-TRAPPED UFOS! I THINK LISMAN HAS THE ANSWER!

THE WEAPON YOU ARE ABOUT TO SEE WAS DEVELOPED FOR MILITARY USE — BUT IT COULD BE USED IMMEDIATELY TO SAVE THE LIVES OF SHADO OPERATIVES!

WHAT IN THE NAME OF...?

I CALL IT... 'TIN-CAN TOMMY' — A REMOTE-CONTROLLED HUNTER-KILLER DEVICE POWERED BY SOLID-STATE CIRCUITS...

...AND CONTROLLED BY THE SMALL TRANSMITTER I HOLD IN MY HAND!

THE SIX BLACK DIALS CONTROL TOMMY'S MOVEMENTS — THE SEVENTH PUTS HIM ON 'AUTOMATIC PROGRAMME... TO HOME IN ON A LIVING QUARRY — GUIDED BY BODY HEAT SENSORS — AND DESTROY IT!

SEEK AND DESTROY

AND JUST HOW DOES IT DESTROY?

SHOW THE COMMANDER, DOCTOR!

NO DANGER, COMMANDER— THE LASER BEAM WOULD HAVE MISSED YOU BY INCHES!

SATISFIED, STRAKER?

TOMMY ALSO CARRIES HIGHPOWER FRAGMENTATION GRENADES...NERVE GAS CAPSULES...A SMALL CANNON...

AND YOU WANT ME TO USE THIS UNTESTED CONTRAPTION AGAINST THE ALIENS?

YOU WON'T NEED TOMMY'S ARMAMENTS — BUT YOU CAN SEND HIM INTO LANDED UFOS TO CHECK FOR BOOBY-TRAPS! HE'S BUILT TO WITHSTAND HIGH EXPLOSIVES — SELF-DESTRUCTION UFOS WON'T HARM HIM!

I DON'T LIKE IT, TOO MUCH COULD GO WRONG!

WAIT, COMMANDER! BETTER CONSIDER... WHERE WOULD YOU STAND IF IT BECAME KNOWN YOU'D TURNED DOWN A SCHEME THAT COULD SAVE LIVES?

YOU'VE GOT IT ALL WORKED OUT, HAVEN'T YOU? I HAVEN'T MUCH CHOICE!

I KNEW YOU'D SEE IT MY WAY— WITH A LITTLE PERSUASION!

AND SO— TWO DAYS LATER...

TRACK... E.T.T....AREA GREEN 7...

ONLY A FEW MILES AWAY! LET'S GET TO THE TRANSPORTER— AND TRY OUT MARKHAM'S BOX OF TRICKS!

SHALL WE GO, GENTLEMEN?

MARKHAM MUST BE CONFIDENT — IF HE'S PREPARED TO PUT HIMSELF IN THE FIRING LINE!

WE SHOULD BE SIGHTING THE UFO AT ANY MOMENT NOW!

A FLYING SAUCER! COME ON — GET INSIDE QUICK!

SECONDS LATER.

THERE IS NO CAUSE FOR ALARM! STAY IN YOUR HOUSES— AND KEEP AWAY FROM WINDOWS! WE HAVE THIS PROBLEM IN HAND!

YOU WON'T NEED THOSE WEAPONS! TOMMY CAN HANDLE ANYTHING!

YOU'D BETTER BE RIGHT!

THE ENTRY-PORT SHOULD OPEN NOW... IF IT'S LIKE THE OTHERS WE DEALT WITH!

...EIGHTYFIVE SECONDS... NINETY ... ANY MOMENT NOW...

PERHAPS IT ISN'T BOOBY-TRAPPED! THEN YOU'LL HAVE AN INTACT UFO!

YOU SEE — HE CAN WITHSTAND ANYTHING SHORT OF A NUCLEAR BLAST! NOW I'LL BRING HIM BACK...

PERHAPS NOW YOU'LL ADMIT I WAS RIGHT, STRAKER! THE WHOLE THING WENT OFF WITHOUT A HITCH AND...

...WHAT THE...

YOU MORON! WHAT ARE YOU PLAYING AT?

THE CONTROLS— THEY'RE NOT FUNCTIONING PROPERLY! THE EXPLOSION MUST HAVE THROWN THE CIRCUITS OUT...

I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN!

IF HE DOESN'T GET THAT THING UNDER CONTROL—WE'RE IN TROUBLE. THESE PEA-SHOOTERS HAVE NO EFFECT!

DO SOMETHING, YOU LITTLE CREEP! IT'S RUNNING AMOK...

I...I'M TRYING!

NO! HE...HE'S ON AUTOMATIC— HOMING IN ON BODY HEAT! RUN! RUN!

BUT—IN HIS PANIC— LISMAN PUSHES THE WRONG DIAL!

SEEK AND DESTROY

AAAAAGH!

YOU IN THE HOUSES... STAY THERE— AND STAY DOWN!

HE'LL HOME IN ON ANY LIVING THING IN RANGE! WE'VE GOT TO SPLIT UP AND LURE HIM AWAY!

STOP IT, STRAKER! FOR PITY'S SAKE!

PULL YOURSELF TOGETHER, MAN! FOLLOW ME!

G-GRENADE! GET DOWN!

FREEMAN MAKES A DESPERATE MOVE!

MAYBE... THROW IT OFF BALANCE... UNPHHHHH!

ALEC! ARE YOU...

NEVER MIND... ME... AT LEAST— IT'S MADE HIM CHANGE DIRECTION ...AWAY FROM THE HOUSES...

GAS CAPSULE! HOLD YOUR BREATH!

LUCKY... THERE'S A STRONG WIND ...CLEARED THE GAS...

STRAKER! STRAKER... OFF TO YOUR RIGHT!

THE SHADO COMMANDER NEEDS NO SECOND BIDDING...

RUN, KID— AS FAST AS YOU CAN!

ALL RIGHT, HONEY! I'VE GOT YOU SAFE!

THESE WINDOWS MUST CONTROL THE SENSOR MECHANISM! AS THEY OPEN OR SHUT...SO HE MOVES...

YOU DID IT, ED! YOU STOPPED HIM!

...STOPPED HIM FIRING... NOW— IF I CAN COVER ONE MORE!

BETTER GET TECHNICIANS HERE FAST! IF I MOVE MY HANDS — HE'S LIABLE TO CUT LOOSE AGAIN!

YOU CAN COME OUT NOW! THE EMERGENCY IS OVER — WE HAVE THINGS UNDER CONTROL!

WE HAVE—HAVE WE? YOU BLETHERING, BRASS-HATTED, INCOMPETENT...

DO YOU KNOW WHAT I THINK, MARKHAM? I THINK YOU'RE A...

NOW...STEADY ON, COLONEL FREEMAN! REMEMBER WHO YOU'RE TALKING TO...!

EEYAAAHHH!

HERE COMES OUR TECHNICAL BOYS, ED! THEY'LL SOON HAVE THIS THING DEACTIVATED!

KNOW SOMETHING, ALEC... I WISH THEY COULD DEACTIVATE ALL POLITICIANS AT THE SAME TIME!

Shado File

Shado Chief Commander Ed Straker (dynamically portrayed by American actor Ed Bishop). Whether the weapons are words or Interceptor missiles, you can always bet on Straker to use them to good effect

Colonel Paul Foster (Michael Billington) Shado's main field agent. Where there's aliens and action, you're sure to find Foster.

Colonel Alec Freeman (George Sewell), Straker's No. 2 and Shado's system man. The smooth running of Shado H.Q. relies heavily on the quiet attention of Alec Freeman.

Helicopter to the Rescue

THE man was being dragged under slowly but surely by the quicksand. Some people had witnessed his terrible plight but they could not reach him over the dangerous area, so he sank down deeper and deeper . . .

Nicolas Giulani had been searching for worms as fishing bait on the beach at Le Touquet, France, when he walked right into the quicksand. Then, when he had been sucked down almost to his shoulders, a rescue helicopter skimmed over the shore towards him.

It hovered a few inches above the trapped man so that he could grab one of the landing skids. Then the chopper rose slowly, pulling the lucky Nicolas out of the deadly bog. This was just one of thousands of recent successful rescue missions carried out by helicopters all over the world.

The helicopter has no equal as a rescue unit, for it can snatch humans from the very jaws of death in the most inaccessible spots. It can pluck a man to safety from a ring of fire, haul him up from a mountain peak, and rescue people at sea in conditions that prevent the use of lifeboats.

Take, for example, the case of Mr Fred Care who fell while working on the 120ft high lighthouse off Land's End and lay badly injured on a four-foot ledge. No-one could reach him and, with rough winds starting to blow, it seemed he would be swept to his doom. But an angel of mercy in the shape of a naval helicopter swooped to the rescue.

The pilot hovered his Wessex only a few feet clear of the lighthouse top. The helicopter winchman descended, strapped Mr Care to a stretcher, and both were hauled to safety. "It was one of the most brilliant pieces of flying I have ever seen," commented a naval officer who was aboard a supporting helicopter.

But such skill and courage is common coin among the crews of rescue helicopters. A crew (of a military helicopter) usually consists of a pilot, a navigator, and a winchman—the last named being the man who is lowered from the helicopter to perform the actual rescue.

The winchman is lowered in a leather seat which is strapped to him. He takes a "strop" down with him. The strop is a harness for the survivor, and it looks like a flexible lifebelt. The winchman fits the strop securely round the survivor's body, then both winchman and survivor are hauled up to the chopper. Airmen are usually trained in the use of the strop and can put it on without the aid of a winchman.

When the Irish cargo steamer *City of Waterford* caught fire six miles off St Catherine's Point, a winchman was lowered into the blazing inferno to bring men out. Then there was Flight Sergeant Reeson who was lowered into gale-lashed waters to rescue men flung into the sea when the oil-drilling rig *Sea Gem* collapsed in a winter storm in 1965.

Continuously battered by gigantic waves, Reeson managed to find two survivors and get them to safety. By the time he had completed his second rescue, Reeson was thoroughly exhausted but he operated the winch and directed the rescue of a third survivor while the navigator, Flight Lieutenant Hill, was lowered. Flight Sergeant Reeson was awarded the George Medal, and Flight Lieutenant Hill the Air Force Cross.

In March 1968 a civil helicopter carried out another dramatic storm rescue when the oil-rig *Ocean Prince* started to collapse in a 90 mph gale 120 miles off Scarborough, Yorkshire. The oil-rig crew was trapped on the tottering platform. Three ships stood by but could not get near the rig.

Captain Robert Balls, pilot of one of the Bristow helicopters normally used to ferry rig crews to and from the shore, was called from his bed to make a rescue flight. Flying through "some of the worst winds I've ever known," he managed to reach the collapsing rig and touched down on the landing pad. He took off the entire 45-man crew in three lifts. "It was a rough ride, but there was no panic."

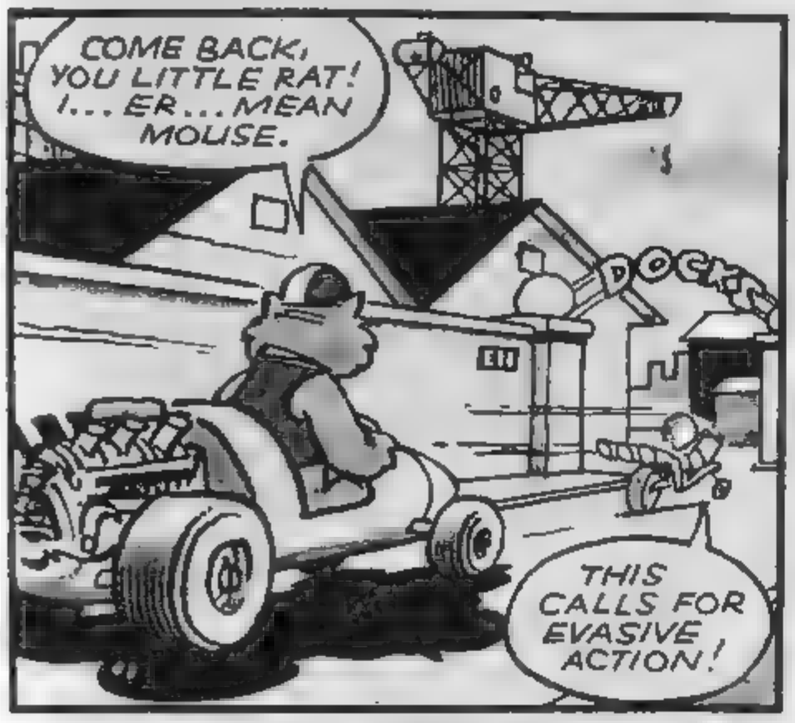
When fire broke out on the lower floors of a skyscraper hotel in Florida, U.S.A., and swept upward through the building, people fled to the roof. Firemen's ladders could not reach that far, so helicopters were called in. The choppers hovered over the roof, their whirling rotors clearing the dense smoke, and they pulled the people to safety.

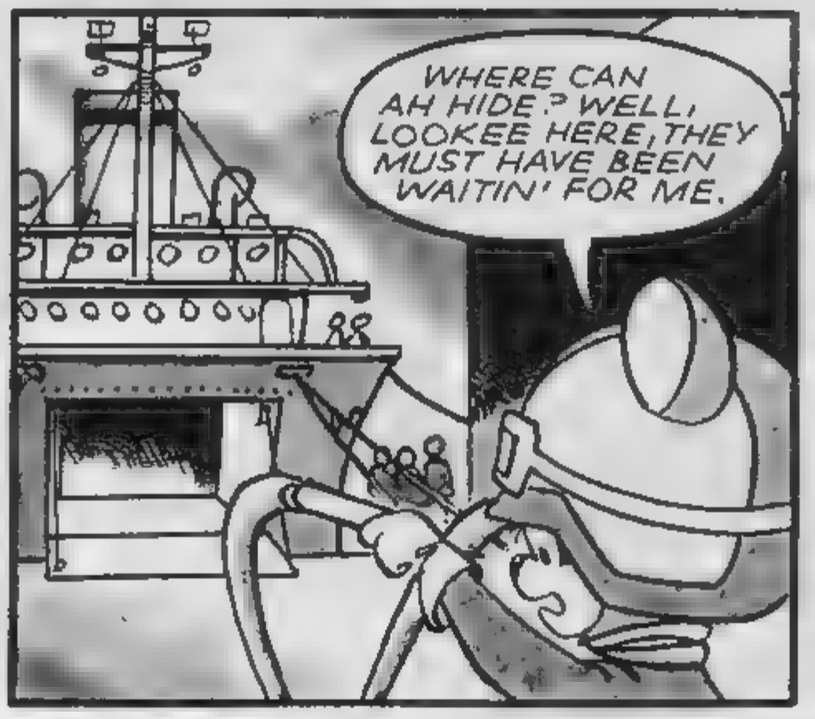
Sometimes helicopter pilots push their skill to the very utmost. When the French trawler *Jeanne Gougy* ran aground at Land's End in a raging storm, an RAF helicopter arrived on the scene. The rescue conditions were deplorable: the pilot's visibility was drastically reduced by the driving rain, and he had to juggle his machine into position with the rocky cliff face only a few feet away from the tips of the whirling rotor blades. And when the winchman was lowered, the pilot performed a miracle by keeping the helicopter from being dashed into the rock face by the howling wind.

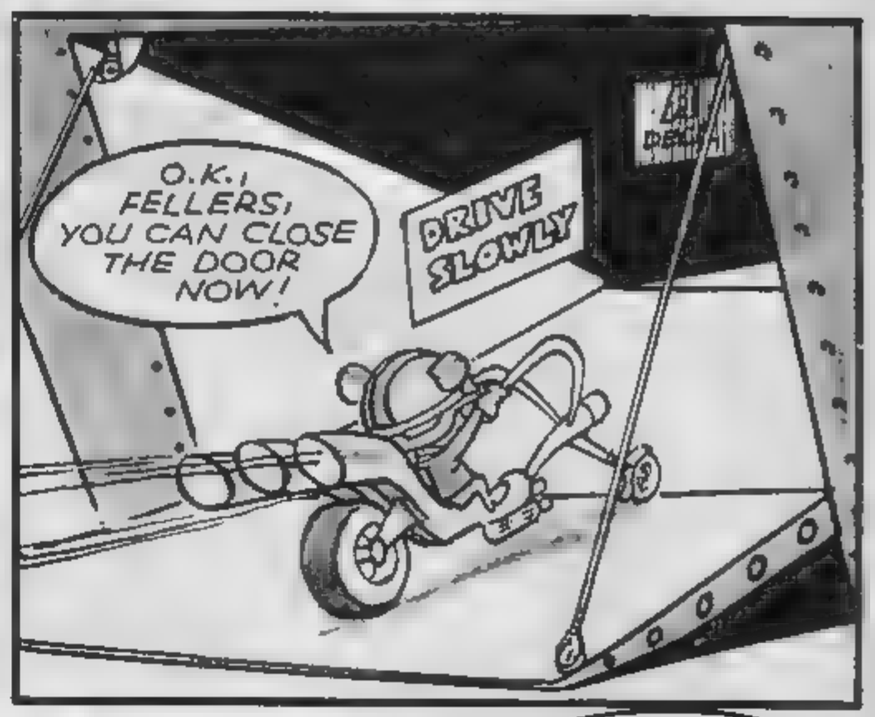
Left: Mountain Rescue by R.A.F. helicopter in Wales.
Below: Bristow helicopter as flown by Captain Balls in oil-rig rescue.

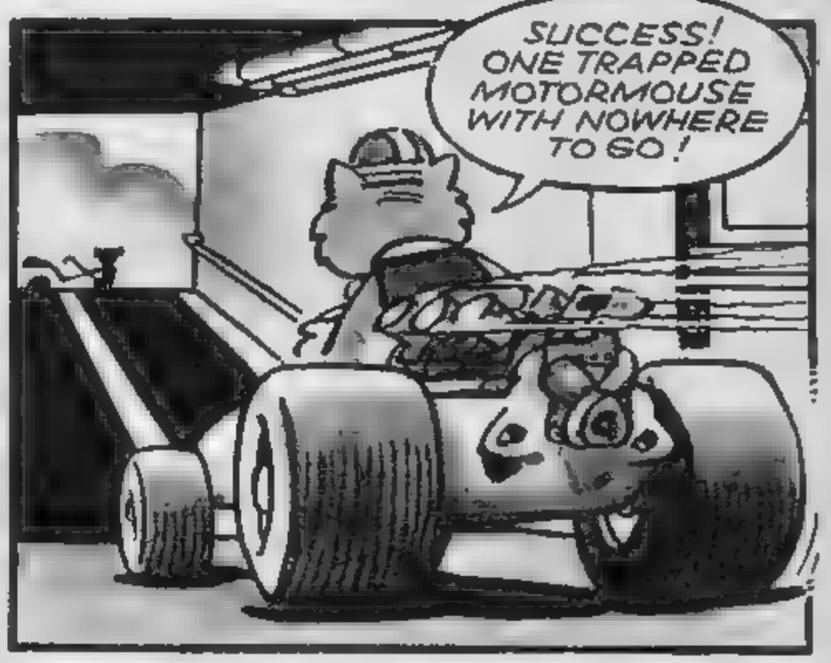
Above: Canadair CL-84 tilt-wing V/STOL demonstrating its hovering ability in mock rescue. Right: Winchman with survivor in the strop being hauled to safety.

Hanna-Barbera's AUTOCAT and MOTORMOUSE









C DECK CAR BAY
NO 2 CAR LIFT
NICE TO SEE YOU, AUTOCAT, BUT I THINK I'LL GO BELOW!
LET ME HELP YOU ON YOUR WAY! HEE! HEE!
DANGER
KEEP CLEAR

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Hawaii Five-O

Deadly Drumbeat

HONOLULU, CAPITAL OF HAWAII.

MISTER DUPARQUE... THIS IS WESTERN UNION! A PACKAGE FOR YOU...

HOTEL WASHINGTON

EXPRESS DELIVERY, SIR!

THAT'S STRANGE... I WASN'T EXPECTING... NEVER MIND!

309

THANK GOODNESS IT'S LOCAL MAIL! CAN'T BE ANOTHER OF **THEIR** TRICKS! ALL THE SAME... NO ONE IN HAWAII KNOWS ME—SO WHO SENT IT?

HECK, I'M GETTING TOO JUMPY! I'M SAFE ENOUGH HERE! BETTER OPEN IT UP...

MOMENTS LATER!

MISTER DUPARQUE! IS SOMETHING WRONG...?

NO! IT CAN'T...! NO!!!

HEY! LOOK WHERE YOU'RE GOIN', FELLA!

THEY KNOW WHERE I AM! GOT TO GET AWAY! NOW—FAST!

TAXI

CAB! HEY, CAB!

CAN'T YOU SEE I'VE ALREADY GOT A FARE?

CAN'T WAIT! GOT TO GET AWAY—NOW... BEFORE **THEY** COME!

START DRIVING! PAL! AND MAKE IT QUICK!

CALMLY, STEVE McGARRETT DOES AS THE TERRIFIED MAN SAYS...

QUICKLY, I TELL YOU! MOVE IT!

THE GUY'S SCARED STIFF! MAY BE I CAN TALK HIM OUT OF IT!

YOU PICKED THE WRONG CAR FOR A HI-JACK, FRIEND... I'M A LAW OFFICER! SUPPOSE YOU TELL ME WHAT'S WRONG?

YOU... YOU'RE A COP? HOW DO I KNOW I CAN TRUST YOU? WHERE I COME FROM—THE COPS ARE THE WORST!

I'M GOING TO PULL OVER AND STOP! PUT THAT GUN AWAY... AND I'LL FORGET YOU PULLED IT ON ME!

I... OKAY! YOU LOOK LIKE A STRAIGHT GUY!

MY NAME'S DUPARQUE. I'M FROM RURUCAO, IN THE CARIBBEAN. UNTIL A FEW MONTHS AGO, I WAS DEFENCE MINISTER IN THE GOVERNMENT THERE...

RURUCAO! THERE WAS A REVOLUTION!

THE ARMY TOOK OVER... AND NOW THE PEOPLE ARE WORSE OFF THAN IN THE SLAVERY DAYS! THE PRESIDENT— AND A FEW OF HIS MINISTERS, INCLUDING ME — ESCAPED THE EXECUTION SQUADS. WE CAME TO HAWAII ...WHERE WE CAN WORK FOR THE DAY WHEN JUST RULE IS RESTORED IN RURUCAO...

THEN, TODAY, I FOUND THAT HAWAII IS NO LONGER SAFE FOR US! A MESSENGER BROUGHT A PACKAGE...

...AND WHAT I FOUND INSIDE IT TOLD ME...

THAT VAN! LOOKS LIKE A...

...GUN! GET DOWN!

SECONDS LATER!

CLOSE! YOU OKAY, DUPARQUE? DUPARQUE...!

McGARRETT HERE! KONO... COLLECT WILLIAMS AND CHIN HO AND MEET ME IN FRONT OF THE HOTEL WASHINGTON! WE'VE GOT A MURDER ON OUR HANDS—AND IT MAY BE ONLY THE FIRST OF MANY!

I TOLD KONO TO GO AHEAD AND GIVE THE ROOM THE ONCE-OVER. WONDER IF HE'S FOUND ANYTHING...

...I WANT TO SEE JUST WHAT IT WAS THAT SENT DUPARQUE OUT OF HERE IN SUCH TERROR THAT HE TRIED TO HI-JACK ME TO ESCAPE IT!

FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER.

HOTEL

...SO YOU THINK OTHER MEMBERS OF THE RURUCAO GOVERNMENT IN EXILE ARE IN DANGER?

I'VE TOLD THE UNIFORMED BRANCH TO PUT A BODYGUARD ON EACH ONE OF 'EM! MEANWHILE...

MISTER McGARRETT... YOUR MAN KONO HAS GONE UP TO ROOM 309— I GAVE HIM A PASS KEY!

309

PULL YOURSELF TOGETHER!

UHHH! I...I'M SORRY, CHIEF... BUT...

KONO! WHAT IN THE NAME OF...!

THE PACKAGE! IN...IN THE PACKAGE...!

IS THIS WHAT ALL THE FUSS IS ABOUT...?

...AIN'T NOTHING BUT A DOLL! AND NOT A VERY HANDSOME ONE AT THAT!

WHY DID IT SCARE YOU, KONO? COME ON... THIS COULD BE VITAL... YOU MUST TELL ME!

I...I...KNOW WHAT IT IS! WHEN I WAS A KID... MY OLD GRANDMOTHER USED TO TELL ME STORIES... ABOUT... OBEAH! THE... TALKING DRUMS— AND THE DEVIL DOLLS!

OBEAH! THAT'S BLACK MAGIC ...VOODOO!

YEARS AGO, A LOT OF VOODOO TALK IN HAWAII! AND STILL VERY STRONG IN RURUCAO... WHERE DUPARQUE CAME FROM!

THIS DOLL— TERRIFIED A MAN OUT OF HIS MIND!

YOU SAW WHAT IT DID TO KONO — AND HE'S TOUGH AS THEY COME! IF SOMEBODY ON THIS ISLAND IS PRACTISING VOODOO...WE'RE IN FOR TROUBLE!

CAPTAIN BRADY'S COMPLIMENTS, MISTER McGARRETT — BUT HE SAYS THE MEN YOU ORDERED HIM TO GUARD...NONE OF 'EM CAN BE FOUND!

THIS IS THE WAY IT STANDS: DUPARQUE WAS SENT THE DOLL TO SET HIM RUNNING — ONCE OUT OF THE SAFETY OF HIS HOTEL, IT WAS EASY FOR HIM TO BE KILLED! THE PACKAGE THE DOLL CAME IN IS OUR ONLY LEAD...

...AND IT WAS MAILED AT MORNUA — WAY UP IN THE MOUNTAINS...JUST THE SORT OF SPOT A VOODOO GROUP MIGHT CHOOSE TO HANG OUT! SO WE'RE GOING UP THERE...!

MORNUA — A SMALL VILLAGE HIGH IN THE MAUNA LOA MOUNTAINS.

AND YOU RECKON THE SAME PEOPLE WHO SENT THE DOLL — ARE HOLDING THE REST OF DUPARQUE'S FRIENDS, CHIEF?

IT FIGURES! AND THEY COULD BE TERRIFYING THE LOCAL HAWAIIANS INTO SHIELDING THEM!

OKAY — SPLIT UP... AND START ASKING QUESTIONS!

BUT NO ONE ANSWERS!

RICE

FRESH

LOOKS LIKE YOU GOT THE SAME REACTION AS THE REST OF US!

THEY'RE ALL SCARED, DANO! BADLY SCARED ...AND THEY'LL TELL US NOTHING!

WE'LL STAY HERE OVERNIGHT. MAYBE WE'LL HAVE BETTER LUCK TOMORROW.

THAT NIGHT, IN THE HOTEL AT MORNUA, DANNY IS AWAKENED BY A STRANGE SOUND.

WHA... WAH'S 'AT? SOUN'S LI'...

...DRUMS! SOMETHING KONO SAID... BACK IN DUPARQUE'S ROOM... THE TALKING DRUMS!

HIS BED'S EMPTY! KONO'S GONE! AND THOSE DRUMS... STILL BEATING...

WHAAAT?

SSSSSHH! IT'S ME, CHIN... GET DRESSED QUICK! THE CHIEF IS TRAILING KONO!

STEVE... EXPECTED THIS TO HAPPEN?

YOU SAW HOW THIS BUSINESS AFFECTED KONO! SOON AS THE DRUMS STARTED — THE CHIEF GUESSED THEY MIGHT WORK ON HIM!

"KONO LEFT HERE LIKE A SLEEP-WALKER — AND THE CHIEF'S FOLLOWING!"

THE DRUMS ARE CALLING HIM ALL RIGHT! HE'S IN A KIND OF TRANCE!

NEXT MOMENT!

THE VILLAGERS SAID THERE WERE FOUR OF 'EM!

HE'S HEADING UP THE MOUNTAIN AND... OHHHH!

THIS ONE... AND THE ZOMBIE — THAT LEAVES TWO! WE'LL DEAL WITH THEM WHEN THEY ARRIVE! LET'S GET UP TO THE LANDING STRIP!

ON A CLEARED STRIP, HIGH ON THE MOUNTAINSIDE.

WE GOT ONE OF THE COPS, COLONEL!

TIE HIM, AND PUT HIM WITH THE OTHERS! THE PLANE WILL BE HERE ANY TIME!

HEAR ME, CHILDREN! BARON SAMEDI, LORD OF VOODOO, IS PLEASED WITH YOU! HIS WORK HERE IS NOW OVER! BUT REMEMBER — YOU MUST ALWAYS KEEP SILENCE ABOUT WHAT HAS HAPPENED!

HELD ENTRANCED BY THE VOODOO DRUMS — THE VILLAGERS, AND KONO, LISTEN.

NOW THE POWER OF BARON SAMEDI WILL CARRY US BACK TO OUR OWN PLACE!

I HEAR THE PLANE'S ENGINES! WE'LL BE IN RURUCAO BY MORNING!

YOU'LL SOON BE HOME, MISTER SO-CALLED PRESIDENT! AND THERE YOU'LL STAND TRIAL...

AND BE SHOT ON TRUMPED-UP CHARGES TO STRENGTHEN THE MILITARY DICTATORSHIP! I THOUGHT AS MUCH!

AS FOR YOU, YOU'LL BE TAKING A TRIP WITH US — BUT YOU WON'T FINISH IT! HERE'S THE PLANE!

WHAT'S KEEPING CHIN AND DANO? IF THEY DON'T COME SOON!

AT THAT MOMENT.

MUST BE NEARLY A DOZEN MEN — COUNTING THE PLANE'S CREW... AND ALL ARMED! WHAT NOW?

DUB-A-DUB

GOT TO TAKE A CHANCE THEY'RE NEARBY... CAN HEAR ME!

DANO! CHIN! STOP THE DRUMS! STOP... THE... DRUMS!

AAAAAGH!

WHERE ARE YOU, CHIEF?

AS THE DRUMS STOP, THE VILLAGERS — AND KONO — SNAP OUT OF THEIR TRANCE!

I DUNNO WHAT'S BEEN GOIN' ON — BUT SOMEONE'S GONNA PAY FOR IT!

SHOOT THEM DOWN! THERE ARE ONLY TWO!

KONO! GET HIM!

GRAB A GUN, KONO! THERE ARE MORE OF THEM!

BUT WITH THEIR LEADER GONE — THE WOULD-BE KIDNAPPERS PANIC!

THE PLANE! LET'S GET OUTA HERE!

GET DOWN ALL OF YOU! LIE FLAT! DOWN — IN THE NAME OF BARON SAMEDI!

AND THAT'S THE LAST TIME A VOODOO COMMAND'S GONNA WORK ON **THIS** ISLAND!

WELL, MISTER PRESIDENT — LOOKS LIKE YOUR TRIP TO RURUCAO IS OFF FOR THE TIME BEING!

MOMENTS LATER...

THANKS TO YOU — THERE IS STILL A CHANCE THAT ONE DAY I MAY RETURN THERE...TO BRING JUSTICE BACK TO MY PEOPLE!

COLONEL VALLEUR WAS THE DICTATOR'S RIGHT-HAND MAN...

...AND HE'LL BE SERVING A LONG SPELL IN A U.S. GAOL!

AN' I RECKON THAT'S THE LAST 'SPELL' HE'LL BE PUTTIN' ON ANYBODY!

Moonbase

When the prototype Lockheed C-5A Galaxy lifted its vast bulk off the runway at Marietta, Georgia, in 1968 it took the heavyweight championship of the air from the Russians.

UNTIL 1968, the 245-ton Antonov An-22, a turbo-prop freighter, was the biggest aeroplane in the world. Galaxy, the new champion, has a gross weight of 341 tons.

This massive plane has a wingspan of 222ft and a length of 245ft. The distance from the ground to the top of its T-shaped tail is 65ft, higher than a five-storey building. Able to carry a payload of 118 tons the Galaxy has been described as combining the potential of cargo ships and aircraft.

The Galaxy serves with the USAF Military Airlift Command, and it can carry such heavy items as mobile bridges and the biggest tank in service with the US Army. A typical load for the Galaxy would be two Iroquois helicopters, five armoured troop carriers, an M60 tank, a 2½-ton truck—plus all their personnel and equipment.

The C-5A has a flight crew of six and a full relief crew. It is powered by four turbofans, each with a thrust of 41,000lb. It has a maximum cruising speed of 540 mph and a maximum range of 2,700 miles with pay-load.

The landing gear of this aerial goliath is an engineering feat in

Above: The Lockheed C-5A Galaxy, the world's biggest aeroplane.

Left: This truck is just part of the Galaxy's full payload.

Right: The Boeing 747 in flight.

itself: 28 wheels on two six-wheel bogies on each side of the fuselage, plus a single nose strut with four wheels abreast.

With the success of the military C-5A, Lockheed are now developing an all-cargo civil version of the Galaxy. Designated the Lockheed L-500, it will be larger and carry a bigger payload than the military version. And, what's more, Lockheed are planning an even bigger aircraft than the L-500; this fantastic project is known as the LGX "Megaplane", and will be twice as large as the Galaxy of today!

The Boeing 747 jumbo jet is another top league aerial heavyweight. Its gross weight is not much less than the Galaxy. It has a wingspan of 196ft and a length of 231ft. To give you a better grasp of the vast size and volume of this 362-seater jetliner, here are some astonishing facts.

When the 747 is fully pressurised, a ton of air is added to its weight. The first flight of the Wright Brothers at Kitty Hawk could have been performed within the length of the 747's fuselage. Four World War One fighter planes could be lined up on each wing of the superjet. There are 4½ million parts, and over 100 miles of wire in the 747.

The lower-lobe baggage and cargo handling system can load or unload 85,000 pounds of baggage—the equivalent of 3,400 pieces of luggage—in less than seven minutes. The navigation system can provide completely automatic guidance through all weather to any point on earth with no outside radio contact.

A flight in the 747—the largest aeroplane ever designed for passenger service—is quite an experience. You can watch the latest films (there are six big screens), watch television, listen to stereo music, the day's news or, if you're a businessman, the latest stock-market figures.

You can stand up anywhere in the jumbo jet without bumping your head on racks, and walk about with the same ease as passengers did on the gigantic prewar airships. First-class passengers have the extra facility of being able to climb a spiral stairway to a spacious lounge on the upper deck.

This lounge can also be hired for a private party. Just imagine —a birthday or Christmas party 30,000 feet above the earth!

● by Peter Newark

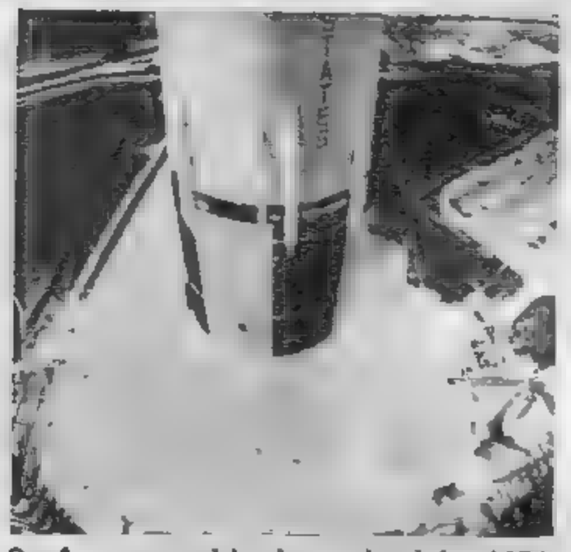
Giants of the Sky

ARE YOU Spacewise?

Here are 20 questions to test your knowledge of man's space achievements. Whether you think you're going to be an astronaut or are just a space fanatic, this test will sort out the spacemen from the Earthlings once and for all. So put your helmets on and blast off...

1. In what year was the first artificial Earth satellite launched?
A. 1958; B. 1947; C. 1957

2. What is the most common gas in our atmosphere?
A. Carbon dioxide B. nitrogen; C. oxygen



3. A spaceship launched in 1972 was designed to leave the solar system. What was it called?
A. Galaxy-1; B. Jupiter-9; C. Pioneer-10

4. Who was the first man to be launched into Earth orbit?
A. John Young; B. Yuri Gagarin; C. Virgil Grissom

5. What are meteors?
A. Particles of space debris; B. distant asteroids; C. exploding stars

6. What was the first animal life to be placed in Earth orbit?
A. Bacteria; B. a dog; C. some tadpoles

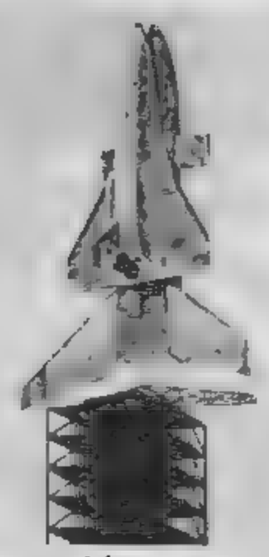
7. What do the letters NASA stand for?
A. Normal Air Supply Attached; B. National Administration for Space Ascents; C. National Aeronautics and Space Administration

8. What planet is famous for its 'rings'?
A. Jupiter; B. Saturn; C. Mars

9. What is a light year?
A. A year of increased solar radiation; B. a unit of heat measurement; C. the distance travelled at the speed of light in one year

10. What was the name of the first Lunar car?
A. Lunar Rover; B. Lunokhod-1; C. Moon Buggy

11. What is the name of the craft used by astronauts for landing on the Moon?
A. The Lunar Model; B. The Orbiter; C. The Lunar Module



12. A reusuable space project is planned. What is it called?
A. Skylab; B. Space Shuttle; C. Space Saver

13. Who was the first woman in space?
A.....

14. What is the most distant planet of the solar system?
A. Andromeda; B. Pluto; C. Neptune

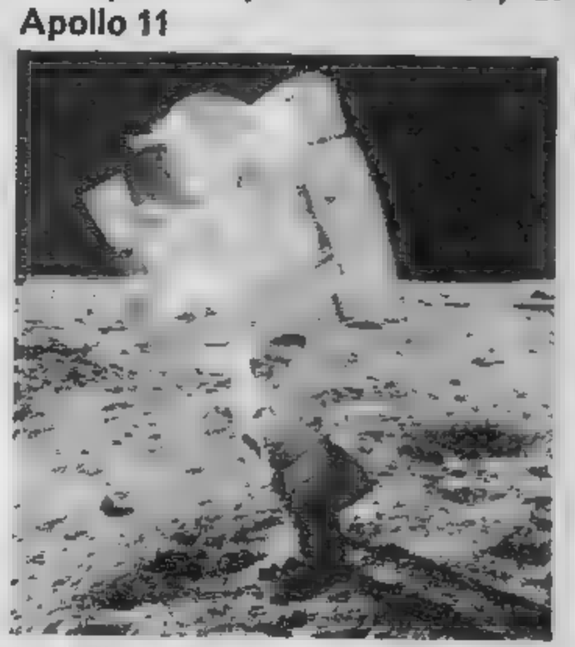
15. Liquid oxygen is a cryogenic propellant. What does this mean?
A. It's a fuel which gives off gas; B. It makes you cry, like onions; C. It is a frozen, liquefied gas fuel

16. What is the number of the final Apollo mission?
A. 18; B. 16; C. 17

17. What is an apogee?
A. The closest point to the Earth of an orbiting body.
B. a rocket stage that fails to separate; C. a cancelled space mission

18. Who or what was Cape Kennedy named after?
A. .....

19. Which craft completed the first successful manned Moon landing?
A. Apollo 15; B. Gemini 12; C. Apollo 11



20. Who was the first man to set foot on the Moon's surface?
A. Edwin Aldrin; B. James Armstrong; C. Neil Armstrong

ANSWERS

1-C (2 points); 2-B (2 points); 3-C (3 points); 4-B (2 points); 5-A (4 points; 6-B (2 points); 7-C (1 point); 8-B (2 points); 9-C (2 points); 10-B (3 points); 11-C (1 point); 12-B (2 points); 13-Valentina Tereshkova (4 points); 14-B (2 points); 15-C (4 points); 16-C (2 points); 17-A (4 points); 18-the late President John F. Kennedy (3 points); 19-C (2 points); 20-C (3 points).

How did you rate?

45-50	prepare for blast-off, you're obviously well briefed on spaceflight data
30-44	be ready for admission into the back-up crew
15-30	keep swotting that spaceflight material—you could make Cape Kennedy yet
below 15	maybe astronautics isn't your subject—but keep trying; the space race has only just begun

HANNA-BARBERA'S

DASTARDLY AND MUTTLEY

AIR RACE
FINISH
START
THIS IS THE AIR RACE COURSE, I WANT A CLEAN RACE AND REMEMBER, A MEDAL FOR THE WINNER.
A MEDAL! O BOY! O BOY!
I SHOULDN'T BOTHER, BEAGLE BRAIN, YOU DON'T STAND A CHANCE!
HUH! I BET HE'S UP TO NO GOOD. I MUST TAKE MY OWN PRECAUTIONS.
MINUTES BEFORE THE RACE...
HEY! SOMEBODY'S PINCHED MY PROPELLER!
BAD LUCK, MUTTLEY, BUT THE RULES SAY THE RACE WILL NOT BE DELAYED FOR ANYTHING.
ZIBBLE DOOP... POWER ASSISTED TAKE OFF, HEH! HEH!
WHY, THAT CHEATING NO GOOD...
IF HE THINKS THAT'S CHEATING JUST YOU WAIT... SNICKER...
CRACK
BREEP YAROOOUCH, SABOTAGE!
HEEELP SOMEBODY'S PUT KANGAROO PETROL IN MY TANK... GULP... HICK.
BOING
HEH! HEH! MAKE WAY FOR THE WINNER...
BONG
TO ASSIST ME WINNING IN A RECORD TIME, I'LL USE MY SUPABOOSTA!
EEEK! I'VE BEEN NOBBLED...
ZZIP
PLINK
I'VE FOUND MY PROP, GENERAL! I CAN STILL WIN THE RACE.
TAKE IT EASY, MUTTLEY, COMPLETE THE COURSE AND THE MEDAL'S YOURS.
WHO SAYS DOGS ARE STUPID?
BUT THEN.
I DON'T BELIEVE IT!
KERRUNCH
ZOOM
I DIDN'T KNOW THE PROPELLER WAS ON THE WRONG WAY ROUND
YOU'VE RUINED MY LOVELY HANGAR.
AND UNSCREWED MY WINGS! CHEAT!

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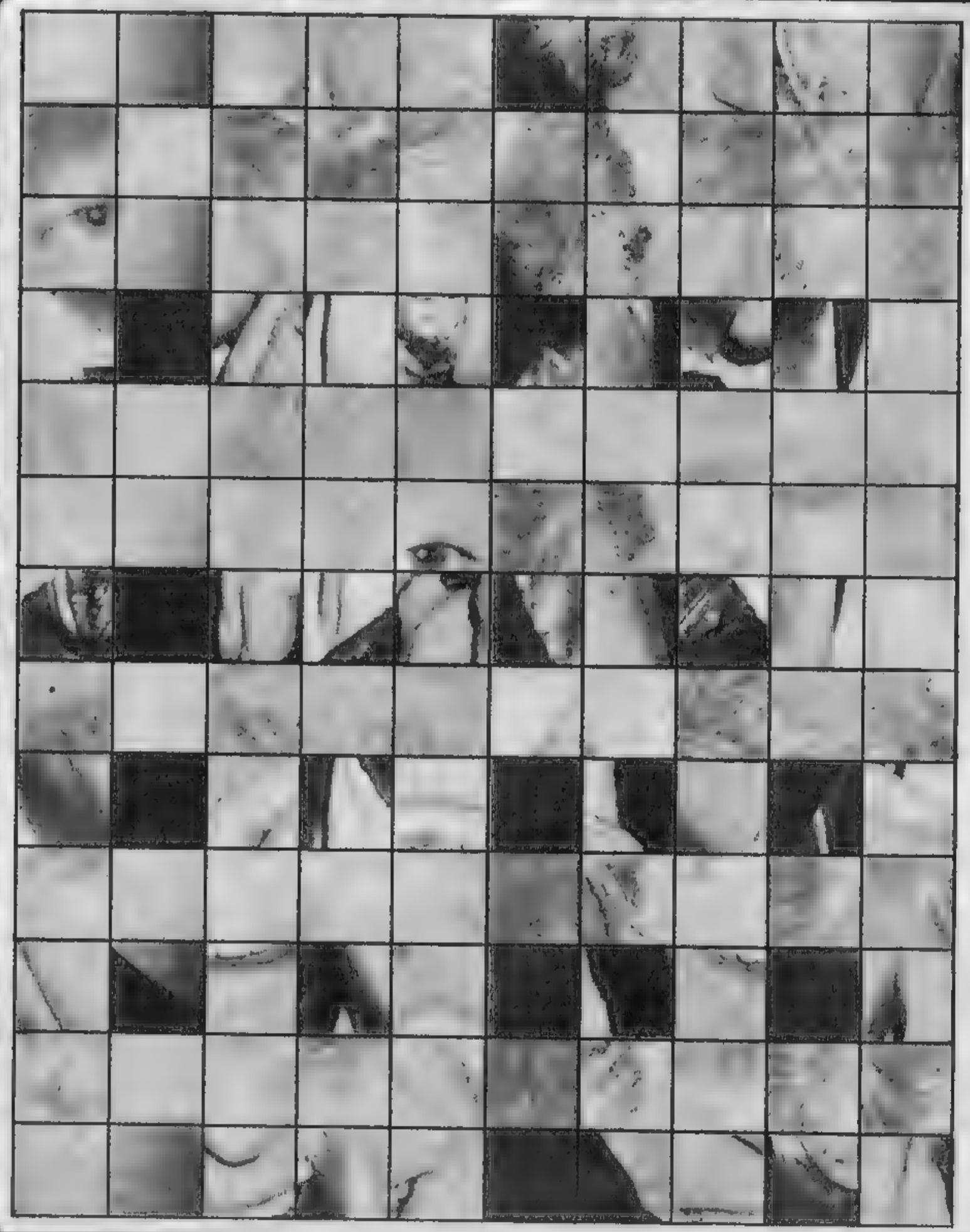
PICTURE PROBE

Here's something to test your skill. The grid on the left contains a picture of someone you know well. But the picture as you can see has been cut up and rearranged. The pieces are identified by the number on the side and the letter at the top. Using the grid on the right, cut and paste each coded piece into its new position. It took our code-maker about an hour to make this problem, see how quickly you can re-make it. One word of warning. Make sure you only cut and move one piece at a time.

D J F C G A I E B H

8 3 7 12 1 6 13 2 11 5 10 4 9



A B C D E F G H I J

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13

"and for my next trick..."

THE Great Chang's act was nearing its climax. He had performed the amazing illusion of the empty boxes. Live doves had strutted unharmed from a small furnace heated to 400 degrees Fahrenheit (the front row of the stalls had felt the heat, even in their air-conditioned seats), and the whole theatre, at Chang's word of command, had become gaily alive with silk handkerchiefs, floating gently through the air from all sides of the huge auditorium towards the small, robed figure on the stage.

But these were not the tricks that made Chang, in the words of the theatre's advertisements, "The World's Master Magician". They were good tricks—but lesser illusionists did them nearly as well. The audience had paid, paid handsomely, to see the one trick that only Chang could show. And now they were becoming impatient.

There was an irritable stir as Chang, his face impassive above the high collar of his dragon-embroidered robe, bowed stiffly and announced, in his toneless voice: "And for my next trick, I shall need the cooperation of all of you. I shall require absolute silence as, from objects collected among you, I look into the innermost minds of those from whom the objects are taken."

The mind-reading trick. Again, a good trick—as Chang did it—with no possibility of cheating. But not the trick that had shot the Chinese magician to fame in a few short weeks, not the one that had every other illusionist in show-business green with envy, not the one the audience was waiting for. Even as the theatre usherettes moved among the audience, collecting an assortment of rings, watches, purses, a voice was raised somewhere at the back of the Circle.

"What about the Disappearing Man?"

Triggered off by the one voice, a low mutter, becoming louder as Chang took not the slightest notice, rose from all over the theatre: "That's what we paid to see!"; "We can see mind-reading acts any time . . ."; "If he's *not* going to do it . . . !"

Apart from Chang, impassive as ever on the stage, one man seemed not to share the audience's impatience. From beneath a shock of white hair, he smiled up at the usherette as he handed her a large, old-fashioned pocket-watch, after struggling to free the chain from the pocket of an embroidered waistcoat beneath an equally out-of-date cloak.

"And let us see," he said half to himself, "just what the good Mr. Chang makes of that!" And then the usherette was gone, to hand up to Chang the valuables borrowed from a dozen or more of the audience.

Like all Chang's tricks, the mind-reading was done swiftly, accurately and with the minimum of words. Chang did not frown in deep concentration as he handled each object. Indeed, he seemed almost bored as he held them up one by one and reeled off information in his clipped, precise voice.

"This purse belongs to a lady; her name is Beryl. She lives in Kens..ngton with her daughter and son-in-law. She is fifty-two years old and is worried about the money she has invested in engineering shares. She has a poodle dog called Chuckles . . ."

And so it went on, item after item, with the owners of the objects, grinning shyly at their moment of fame, coming up to claim their possessions—and acknowledge that Chang was right in every detail. At last, nothing was left save the large, old-fashioned pocket watch belonging to the man in the cloak.

Chang picked up the watch. Then, for the first time in his brief stage career, he faltered. He stood motionless, staring at the watch in his outstretched hand. No sound came from his thin, tightly-compressed lips. Seconds ticked slowly by. The audience began to fidget, to cough. Up in the gallery,

a few youths began to stamp their feet in rhythm: "Why are we waiting . . . why are we waiting . . ."

The man in the cloak had risen slowly to his feet. Now he walked down to stand just beneath the front of the stage, looking up into the eyes of the Chinese magician. As if oblivious of the growing discontent around them, the two men held each other's gaze.

"I . . . I can tell nothing from this watch!"

Chang's impassive calm had cracked. His voice rose shrilly as, with something like panic in his deep-set almond eyes, he thrust the watch forward, over the edge of the stage, into the hand of the man in the cloak.

As he walked back to his seat, Doctor Who smiled grimly to himself. Chang watched him go. Hardly had the tall, white-haired figure settled back into its seat, when the Chinaman hurried from the stage in a flurry of heavy silk robes. There was a moment's silence. Then—fury.

All the gallery had taken up the stamping chorus. The air in the theatre seemed to shudder to the rhythm of crashing feet. In the circle, voices were raised in anger: "Disappearing Man . . .", "We paid . . .", "Demand our money back . . .", "A fake . . . a fraud!" A man in the stalls loudly announced his intention to writing to the "Times". The man in the cloak sank lower into his seat—and smiled.

Back-stage, another row was in progress. Chang stood stiffly upright, his eyes staring blankly into space, as he delivered his decision to a sweating manager.

"My act is ended. I perform no more tonight."

The manager tried pleading. He tried bribery—the promise of a double fee. The noise in the theatre rose higher. Now the circle had joined in the stamping and chanting: "We . . . want . . the . . . Disappearing Man!"

The manager played his last card.

"I've gone along with you, Chang. Handled everything the way you wanted it. No interviews with the Press. No details of your private life revealed. A locked room for your props—and you with the only key. You're a mystery man—if that's what you wanted—and I've helped you to stay that way.

"But if you don't go back out there—it's all over! The newspapers will have a Roman holiday with you when I tell them what I know—or rather what I *don't* know! That no one knows who you are or where you come from! That no one knows where you go or what you do between your stage performances! And that other stage magicians say your Disappearing Man trick is impossible . . . that you must have supernatural powers . . . a pact with the devil! Maybe the police would like to know something about what happened in Paris . . ."

The manager was talking to empty air. Chang, his face set in a mask of determination, had walked back on to the stage. The chanting of the audience rose to a crescendo as the magician confronted them, arms folded across his chest.

Vanishing Point

And then the shouting and stamping died away—for Chang had crossed the stage to where a shrouded object, roughly the size and shape of an ordinary telephone box, awaited him. Had raised one hand to rip away its coverings, revealing a steel-framed box with clear glass sides. Completely empty.

"I shall require a volunteer from the audience." Chang's flat voice was the only sound in the packed theatre. Then a dozen men were on their feet. Then twenty. From all over the theatre, voices loud with self-importance proclaimed themselves volunteers.

Very briefly, Chang studied each of the eager faces. But even as he made his choice, he was conscious of another face. That of a white-haired man in a cloak, slouched deeply into his seat, watching . . . waiting.

Chang's chosen volunteer was a man in his thirties, shy and awkward now that he was, with Chang, sole target of a thousand pairs of eyes. Chang fell into professional patter, strangely at odds with his set, serious face.

"Your name is Frederick? Well, Frederick, all you have to do is to step into this glass cabinet. That's right. Now, I shall close the door on you—but at all times you will be able to see me . . . and the audience. Simply relax . . . I will do the difficult part. You are going to . . . disappear!"

There was absolute silence as Chang turned from the man in the glass box to face the audience. The Chinaman was back in control; a thousand people waited for him to perform the feat that no other man had accomplished.

"And now, ladies and gentlemen, Frederick will disappear. Other magicians have made men disappear—from closed cabinets, from behind curtains, from within clouds of smoke. But Frederick will disappear in full view of you all. You will see him, as you do now, and then—you will *not* see him!"

Chang turned to face the cabinet where Frederick stood uneasily, arms held down to his sides, passive as a side of meat in a butcher's shop. The magician raised one arm to point to the cabinet.

"I command you—GO!"

Nothing happened.

Then, the cabinet was empty.

Silence—then a storm of applause. A brief bow from Chang—then an empty stage. An audience rising to go, half in wonder, half in a kind of anger.

"A good trick," the man who sat behind Doctor Who was saying. "I'd like to know how he fakes it . . . mass hypnotism, perhaps?"

"Hidden trapdoor . . ." "Does it with mirrors . . ."—voices all over the theatre were raised in explanation. Only Doctor Who still sat silent, thoughtful . . . until the theatre was empty.

"You can't go along there! The public ain't allowed . . . er . . . well . . . don't suppose you'll do no 'arm . . . thanks very much, guv'nor . . ."

The stage-door keeper looked from the pound note in his hand to the tall, cloaked figure that strode off towards the dressing rooms. "Another funny bloke . . . like that Chang . . . fair gives you the creeps . . ."

Without his embroidered robes, dressed in a lightweight, one-piece overall of a kind of metallic cloth, Chang seemed even smaller. In the large, bare dressing room, Doctor Who towered over him.

"You knew I would come." It was a statement, not a question, and the Doctor's voice was soft.

Chang nodded slightly. "When I held the watch . . . when your mind remained closed to me . . . then I knew. I knew that my mission was over. I should have returned then—but I told myself that I might be mistaken . . . that we needed the subjects so badly . . ."

"Subjects!" Now the Doctor's voice was harsh. "You have been on this planet long enough to know that they are intelligent, thinking beings. They have not the knowledge that you—and I—have . . . but to speak of them as subjects . . . laboratory animals . . .!"

"I do not like what I have to do!" As he spoke, Chang was edging towards the glass cabinet that stood in the corner of the room. "But it is necessary for the survival of my people. I have taken only humans with no close relatives or friends—my mind-reading powers made it easy to select such men from among the volunteers—and they have not suffered pain." He laid his hand on the door of the glass cabinet. "The matter transference chamber is . . ."

The Doctor had covered half the distance between them in a sudden spring before Chang's left hand flashed up. The Doctor's shout—"Get away from . . .!" was smothered in the folds of swirling, gaily-coloured silk that suddenly filled the room. The Doctor fought against the clinging material; it was like trying to brush off a flock of huge, soft birds. Chang's voice came faintly to him.

"You should have remembered, Doctor—my magic is real! Only I prefer to call it science—the science of my people!"

Plunging slowly as a fly in treacle, the Doctor hurled himself towards the mocking voice. Through a fold of silk, his outstretched hand met a sharp angle. The corner of the glass cabinet—the matter transference chamber. Gripping with all his strength, he threw himself sideways. He felt the cabinet rock.

Smothering in the enveloping folds of swirling silk, he wrenched again. A thin fold of the material slid around his neck—began to tighten. The cabinet swayed even more. His lungs bursting, the Doctor put all his strength into one last great heave.

Even through the densely woven material, he heard the crash of glass as the cabinet toppled to the stone-flagged floor of the dressing-room. Suddenly, the folds of silk about him were still, relaxing their deadly caress. He fought his way to the air.

No Return

Two sides starred and broken, the cabinet lay on the floor. From beyond the wreckage, near the door, Chang regarded him with blazing eyes. The impassivity of the 'Chinese' was gone now. He was a snarling, trapped animal. Even as the Doctor freed himself from the last fold of silk, Chang's left hand pointed once more towards him.

The air was full of birds. White doves—like those Chang had used in his stage act. But these were no doves of peace. Razor-sharp beaks sliced at the Doctor's hands, flung up to protect his face.

"You have cut off my return to my people!" Chang's voice had risen to a scream. "Now there is no way back. But if I am to remain in this primitive world—then I shall be the most powerful man in it! I shall rule by magic—and by fear!"

Chang had gone, leaving the door swinging open behind him. Buffeted by the small, winged demons—bleeding hands protecting his eyes—the Doctor edged towards the door. A quick sidestep and he was through.

The Doctor's feet echoed through the empty shell of the vast, darkened building as he hurried across the stage. Chang must be stopped, destroyed if necessary,

before his magic — his alien science—could do more harm to the people of the Doctor's adopted planet. At least no more human 'subjects' would be sent through the matter transmitter to the experimental laboratories of Chang's home world—but Chang himself was still a grave menace.

"My tricks have hardly begun!" It was a shout of evil triumph from high in the gallery. Looking up, the Doctor had a quick glimpse of Chang's face, twisted in hatred. The magician's left hand was raised again. The Doctor flung himself from the stage into the plush cushions of the front stalls.

There was a scream of splitting timber. The stage which the Doctor had so suddenly left became a mass of splintered wreckage. The plaster cherubs and winged horses that had ornamented the proscenium arch of the theatre throughout the fifty years of its existence had torn

themselves free from their fixtures, as if in a few moments of brief life, to crash down like dive-bombers on to the spot where the Doctor had stood. There was a shrill laugh from the gallery, followed by the sound of a slamming door.

Alert for another attack, the Doctor moved swiftly towards the rear of the theatre. Chang was up aloft, perhaps on the roof. The Doctor must follow.

Up the stairs to the circle—along a corridor—more stairs to the gallery. A metal ladder to the wall at the rear of the gallery, leading to the roof. Two red metal fire extinguishers, hanging innocently in their brackets at the foot of the ladder.

The blinding, acid-smelling streams of high-pressure foam from the two extinguishers hit the Doctor from either side as he clung to the metal ladder, reaching for the trap-door that led to the roof. His head buried in his arms, his hands clamped to the cold metal of the uppermost rungs, he clung on blindly. When the metal cylinders, empty at last, crashed down through the air in which they had hung as though guided by invisible hands, the Doctor still clung to the ladder, soaked and gasping, an exhausted man searching within himself for one last great effort.

The trapdoor opened. The battered, bedraggled figure of the Doctor stepped out on to the flat roof of the theatre. From a few yards away, perched on the very edge of the low parapet surrounding the roof, Chang called softly to him.

"So, Doctor, my little tricks were not enough! It will require greater magic to dispose of you. But I think even you will not survive the collapse of this building. You will crash to your death in the wreckage, while I . . ."

Still wiping the traces of chemical foam from his face, the Doctor blinked up at Chang. Between the alien creature's feet and the stone of the parapet there was already a gap of a few inches —and it was widening. The 'magician' was floating in the air, moving up and away from the roof of the theatre.

Chang's voice was raised to a mocking pitch to reach the Doctor over the ever-increasing gap that separated them. "When I raise my left hand again, Doctor—the building on which you stand will become a pile of rubble. Your grave, Doctor—and your monument!"

But it was the Doctor's hand that was outstretched, pointing above and beyond Chang.

"Look out, Chang! Come down —you could put your power to good use, as I have done! But you have only a few seconds to decide, before . . . !"

"Is that the best you can do, Doctor—to try to scare me with vague threats? It is you who have only seconds left! Now . . . I raise my left hand . . ."

There was a great flare of blue-edged light. A single hoarse cry of pain and terror. Then—darkness, and silence broken only by a soft thud from the street far below.

A man may be a great magician. He may be an alien from a far planet, using powers unknown to man. But these powers cannot save his body when it comes into contact with high-tension electricity cables, carrying a city's power supply above the rooftops.

The Doctor walked to the edge of the parapet and glanced down. Excited voices rose from the street below, soon to be joined by the pulsating wail of an ambulance siren and the flashing beacon of a police car.

Chang, "The World's Master Magician", had come to the end of his act.

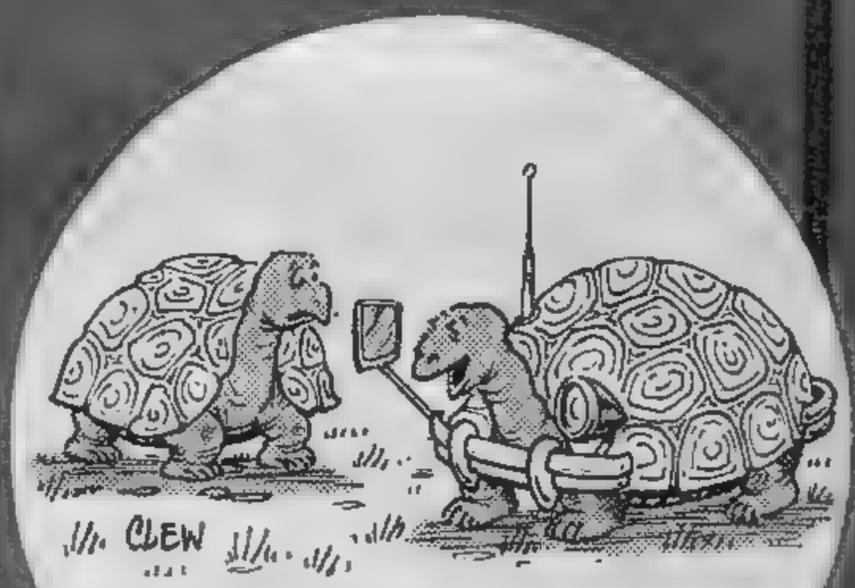
"Let's get to the point" says Betty Wilde. "Instead of lending him facts or figures, you can always call on Dummy

Lord 'Brett' Sinclair may be upper crust but he's just as at home with the upper cuts

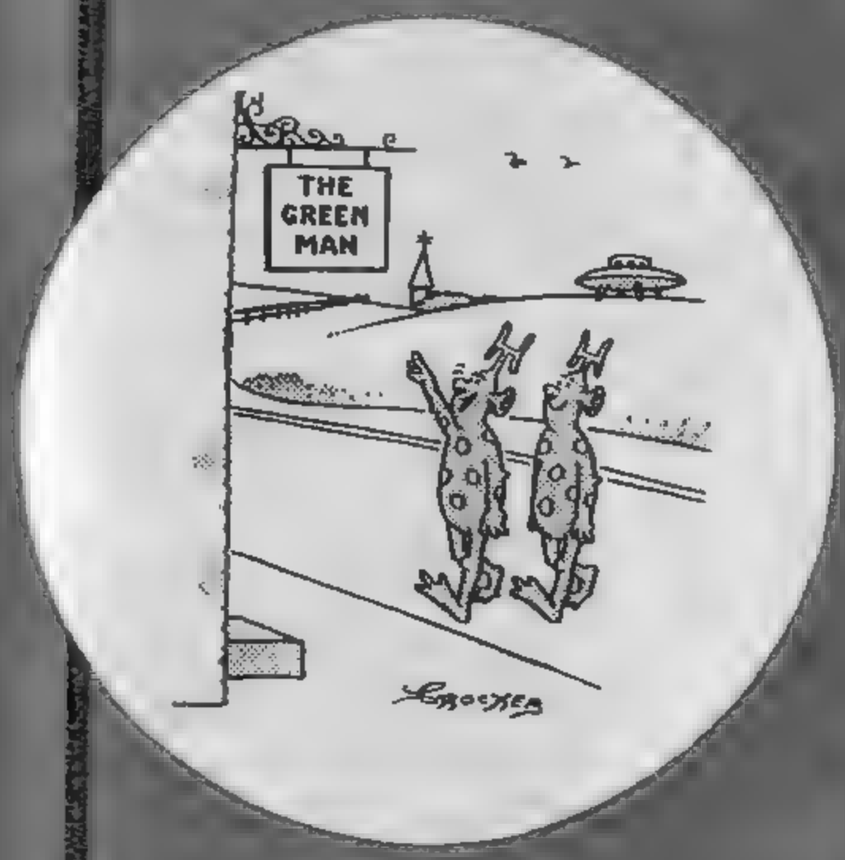
Fun Spot

"It's from us!"

"That's not your Dad, either"



"They're optional extras"



"This place should suit us!"

"Keep that car ticking over"

Captain Scarlet

A MYSTERON FUNERAL

ALL SYSTEMS NORMAL— THEY'LL ARRIVE AT THE SPECTRUM SATELLITE WITHIN THE HOUR.

GENERAL, DID YOU NOTICE ANYTHING PECULIAR ABOUT PROFESSOR GALLAN? HE SEEMED SOMEHOW PREOCCUPIED.

THE SPECTRUM SATELLITE IS APPROACHED...

MATCHING ORBITS WITH THE SATELLITE NOW, PROFESSOR.

4

A SHORT WALK IN SPACE...

YOUR SPECTRUM PASS WILL OPEN THE AUTO AIR LOCK, PROFESSOR.

...AND THE TWO MEN ENTER THE SATELLITE.

O.K, PROF. LET'S FIND THAT FAULT. WE CAN GET OUT OF THESE SUITS IN HERE.

...THE MYSTERONS HAVE GIVEN THEIR ORDERS!

HEY, PROF... WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

AAAAAGH!

AT THAT MOMENT, ON CLOUDBASE...

THIS IS CRAZY! WE'VE BEEN HAVING TROUBLE WITH SATELLITE 4, NOW ALL THE SYSTEMS ARE DEAD!

BUT THE REPAIR TEAM SHOULD HAVE FIXED THINGS.

SUDDENLY.

THIS IS THE VOICE OF THE MYSTERONS. WE SHALL BE AVENGED FOR THE ATTACK ON OUR MARTIAN CITY. WE SHALL MAKE EARTH A PLANET OF SILENCE.

THAT WASN'T LIKE THE USUAL MYSTERON THREAT. IT CAME THROUGH ON JUST ONE CHANNEL — AND IT DIDN'T COME FROM MARS!

GET ME A TRACE ON THAT SIGNAL — FAST!

THERE! IT CAN ONLY MEAN ONE THING...

THE MYSTERONS HAVE TAKEN OVER SPECTRUM COMMUNICATION SATELLITE 4! ALERT ANGEL FLIGHT.

MOMENTS LATER, THE TWO STAND-BY ANGELS ARE IN THEIR INJECTOR SEATS.

DESTROY COMMUNICATIONS SATELLITE 4 - REPEAT — DESTROY! I'M CLOSING ALL COMMUNICATIONS CHANNELS TO CLOUDBASE — SO YOU'RE ON YOUR OWN!

BUT NO-ONE WILL BE ABLE TO CONTACT US, CAPTAIN.

THAT'S THE IDEA, LIEUTENANT. I THINK I KNOW WHAT THE MYSTERON THREAT MEANS!

MEANWHILE, IN THE SATELLITE, MYSTERON AGENT, PROFESSOR GALLAN, GETS TO WORK...

SPECTRUM AIRCRAFT ARE APPROACHING... IT IS TIME TO BEGIN A TRANSMISSION ON THEIR CHANNEL...

AN ULTRA HIGH FREQUENCY SIGNAL IS BEAMED INTO SPACE...

...ON THE ANGELS' CHANNEL...

THE ULTRA-SONIC SIGNAL STRIKES HOME!

AAAAAH!

SHATTERED BY THE SUDDEN ATTACK, THE ANGEL PLANES SPIN OUT OF CONTROL...

COLONEL WHITE HAS RETURNED TO CLOUDBASE.

DON'T YOU REALISE, SCARLET, YOU HAVE GIVEN AN ORDER WHICH COULD DESTROY OUR ONLY CLUE AS TO WHAT THE MYSTERONS ARE UP TO...

I THINK I KNOW THE ANSWER TO THAT, SIR... AND IT HAS SOMETHING TO DO WITH OUR INCOMING RADIO CALLS.

BUT THE SPECTRUM COMMANDER IS NOT IN A PATIENT MOOD.

WITHOUT OUR COMMUNICATIONS WE ARE DEAF TO THE MYSTERONS.

BUT, SIR...

SINCE NO-ONE SEEMS DISPOSED TO OBEY MY ORDERS — I'LL DO IT MYSELF — OPEN ALL CHANNELS!

4!

AS THE MYSTERONS COMMAND!

CHANNELS TO CLOUDBASE ARE NOW OPEN. OPERATE SIGNAL AT FULL POWER. WITH CLOUDBASE DESTROYED — THE EARTH WILL BE AT OUR MERCY!

ONCE AGAIN — THE ULTRA-SONIC SIGNAL IS FLASHED ACROSS SPACE...

PERHAPS NOW YOU WILL AGREE YOU ACTED TOO HASTILY, CAPTAIN. AS SOON AS LIEUTENANT GREEN CAN RAISE THE ANGELS, WE...

...AGAINST CLOUDBASE, SHATTERING ALL VIEW-PORTS AND SUCKING OXYGEN FROM THE CRAFT...

AAAA... THAT... NOISE...

CAN'T... BREATHE..

GOT... TO GET... OXYGEN MASKS...

NO OXYGEN... DEAF... AND WE'RE OUT OF CONTROL! MUST MAKE THE BRIDGE...

EVEN IF WE JAM ALL CHANNELS AGAIN... EVERYONE WITHOUT OXYGEN WILL BE UNCONSCIOUS

SCARLET ACHIEVES THE IMPOSSIBLE AND THROWS CLOUDBASE INTO A STEEP CLIMB...

...AND THAT MEANS THE IONOSPHERE!

140,000 FEET... CLOUDBASE WASN'T BUILT FOR THAT HEIGHT! AND IT'S GOING TO BE MIGHTY COLD UP THERE!

MINUTES LATER — CLOUDBASE REACHES THE RADIO-RESISTANT BELT OF THE IONOSPHERE...

AT LEAST WE'RE SAFE FROM THE ULTRASONIC WAVES UP HERE!

WITH THE SAFETY OF ALL PERSONNEL ENSURED... COLONEL WHITE CALLS A CONFERENCE...

THE MYSTERONS APPEAR TO HAVE DECIDED TO DESTROY US BEFORE TURNING THEIR NEW WEAPON ON EARTH!

...WITHOUT RADIO COMMUNICATIONS...WE CANNOT WARN EARTH. IT IS UP TO US TO DESTROY THE SATELLITE...

...THE CONSEQUENCES OF THE ULTRASONIC WEAPON BEING TURNED ON EARTH ARE OBVIOUS...

... ALL MEANS OF COMMUNICATIONS WILL BE DESTROYED. MOST OF THE POPULATION WILL BE DEAFENED...

WORLD TV

WITHIN A SHORT TIME, PANIC AND ANARCHY WILL SPREAD THROUGHOUT THE EARTH!

THE SATELLITE **MUST** BE DESTROYED! BUT HOW?

WE HAVE MISSILES...

I THINK THERE IS A WAY, COLONEL...

RADIO-CONTROLLED MISSILES. THE ULTRA-SONIC WAVE WOULD THROW THEM HOPELESSLY OFF COURSE!

CAPTAIN SCARLET OUTLINES HIS PLAN. AND THEN...

CAPTAIN SCARLET IS THE ONLY ONE WITH A CHANCE OF BRINGING IT OFF!

MINUTES LATER....

THERE'S INCHES OF ICE ON THE LAUNCHER. I JUST HOPE IT WORKS!

SORRY, I CAN'T HEAR YOU... I'VE PLUGGED UP MY EARS, REMEMBER?

SHOULD BE LAUNCHING AT ANY MOMENT NOW...

SATELLITE... HERE I COME!

LAUNCH....

INSIDE THE SPECTRUM SATELLITE, THE MYSTERON AGENT IS WATCHFUL...

WHAT DO THE EARTHMEN HOPE TO GAIN BY SENDING ANOTHER AIRCRAFT? IT WILL BE DISPOSED OF IN THE SAME WAY!

INSTRUMENTS KNOCKED OUT... THIS IS AS FAR AS I GO... BY PLANE!

THRUSTER-PACK ON! AND THERE SHOULD BE JUST ENOUGH POWER TO GET ME TO THE SATELLITE

THE MYSTERONISED GALLAN WATCHES SCARLET'S APPROACH

THE EARTHMAN CANNOT GET INTO THE SATELLITE... HE WILL FREEZE IN SPACE!

BUT SCARLET HAS COME PREPARED — WITH A LASER GUN.

THE ENTRANCE LOCK MELTS UNDER THE LASER RAY...

AIR LOCK GONE—THE SUDDEN VACUUM SHOULD GIVE THEM A SURPRISE!

...AND THE MYSTERON AGENTS ARE TRAPPED IN A WEIGHTLESS VACUUM!

AWEIGHTLESSNESS WHICH CAUSES GALLAN TO FIRE WILDLY — AND MISS...

BUT SCARLET, STEADIED BY HIS THRUSTER-PACK, DOESN'T MISS...

AAAAGH!

AND THAT'S ONE MYSTERON LESS!

NOW TO GET THIS THING OUT OF ORBIT — AND RADIO EARTH TO PICK ME UP!

BUT THE MYSTERONS STILL CONTROL THE SATELLITE!

OUR AGENT HAS BEEN DESTROYED — BUT THE EARTHMAN SCARLET HAS TRAPPED HIMSELF! THE SATELLITE WILL PLUNGE BACK INTO THE EARTH'S ATMOSPHERE UNDER OUR CONTROL!

THE SPECTRUM MAN IS HELPLESS TO FIGHT THE MYSTERONISED CONTROLS...

SOON IT DISSOLVES INTO A FLAMING BALL.

SUICIDALLY, SCARLET OPENS THE MANUAL ESCAPE HATCH AND IS SUCKED INTO THE VIOLENT SLIP STREAM...

MUST... GET OUT... FAST!

NO SOONER IS HE CLEAR...

SCARLET BEGINS A TERRIBLE FALL...

POWER NEARLY GONE — AND IT'S A LONG WAY DOWN! MIGHT AS WELL JETTISON THE PACK!

...WHICH WOULD END IN DEATH FOR ANY NORMAL MAN...

ONE HOUR LATER...

MR. KREMER! SOMETHING IN THE WATER AHEAD...

LOOKS LIKE A BODY!

HAVE THE SKIPPER HEAVE-TO AND PICK IT UP!

IT'S AN ASTRONAUT! THE POOR DEVIL MUST HAVE FALLEN FROM A HECK OF A HEIGHT...

GET HIM ABOARD QUICKLY!

HE'S DEAD, ALL RIGHT! FUNNY... THAT'S NO SPACE SERVICE UNIFORM I'VE EVER SEEN!

PROBABLY ON SOME SECRET PROJECT. BETTER RADIO MONTE CARLO — TELL 'EM WE'RE BRINGING THE BODY IN!

MEANWHILE, IN MONTE CARLO.

CAPTAIN BLACK—THE BODY OF CAPTAIN SCARLET WILL ARRIVE IN MONTE CARLO IN FIFTEEN MINUTES. HAVE YOU MADE ALL ARRANGEMENTS?

CAFE

BAR

ALL THIS HAS BEEN DONE AS THE MYSTERONS HAVE ORDERED. THIS TIME—CAPTAIN SCARLET WILL BE DISPOSED OF FOR GOOD!

FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER...

MISTER KREMER—THAT GUY'S WEARING THE SAME KIND OF UNIFORM AS THE BODY WE PICKED UP!

I GUESS HE MUST BE FROM THE SAME ORGANISATION, COME TO CLAIM THE BODY!

...SO YOU SEE, MISTER KREMER, MY ORGANISATION WISHES THIS MAN'S DEATH TO BE KEPT SECRET. WE'D BE GRATEFUL FOR YOUR COOPERATION...

IF THERE'S ANYTHING I CAN DO—YOU ONLY HAVE TO ASK!

IF YOU WOULD ALLOW YOUR YACHT TO BE USED FOR A QUIET BURIAL AT SEA—I HAVE ARRANGED FOR A COFFIN, AS YOU SEE...

A LEAD COFFIN! MUST WEIGH A TON! BUT WE CAN SWING IT UP ON THE DERRICK THERE!

ONE HOUR LATER... FIVE MILES OFF-SHORE...

YOU CERTAINLY DON'T TAKE MANY CHANCES IN YOUR ORGANISATION!

NO! THE BODY OF MY COLLEAGUE WILL REST ON THE SEA-BED—FOR EVER!

RIGHT—HAUL AWAY...!

THE HEAVY COFFIN RISES ON THE CHAINS...

YOUR INDESTRUCTIBILITY WILL DO YOU NO GOOD NOW, SCARLET!

SUDDENLY...

THE CHAINS! LOOK OUT!

WHAT THE—

THE ENGINE ROOM! IT'S SMASHED THROUGH TO THE ENGINE ROOM!

IF IT GETS TO THE REACTOR—WE'LL BE BLOWN SKY-HIGH!

FOR A FEW MOMENTS— THE LEAD MASS RESTS ON THE YACHT'S NUCLEAR ENGINES...

AND THEN!

TORN PARTLY OPEN — THE COFFIN SINKS...

...FILLING WITH WATER UNTIL IT REACHES THE SEA-BED.

AT LAST — CAPTAIN SCARLET REVIVES!

WHAT? WHERE? GET... GET OUT...

HELP! HELP... AAACH!

WHOEVER HE IS— I'D BETTER HELP HIM!

NO! NO— IT CAN'T BE! YOU... YOU'RE DEAD!

LUCKY FOR YOU I'M NOT! SAVE YOUR BREATH— I'LL EXPLAIN LATER...

AFTER A BRIEF EXPLANATION...

AND THAT'S AS MUCH AS YOU CAN LET ME KNOW. WELL, I KNOW WHEN TO KEEP MY MOUTH SHUT...

THANK YOU, MISTER KREMER. MY BASE HAS NO RADIO COMMUNICATIONS AT THE MOMENT...

CREW... GOT AWAY IN BOAT... AND THE MAN... IN BLACK UNIFORM... DROWNED...

NOT HIM! SORRY! BUT I CAN'T TELL YOU MUCH...

...SO I'D BETTER GET BACK AND TELL THEM THE THREAT TO EARTH IS OVER... FOR THE MOMENT!

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Inside! Dad's Army!
TV COMIC
Every Monday
TOM and JERRY
I'VE GOT TWO EASTER EGGS FOR YOU, JERRY!
TINY THAT'S DOUBLE DECKER OF YOU, TOM!
THERE'S THE FIRST ONE...
KLUNK
OHH!
AND HERE COMES THE SECOND NOW! HAH! HAH! APRIL FOOL!
BULGH!
NOT VERY HAPPY WITH YOUR SECOND EGG, EH, JERRY?... I HANTED IT TO BE AS BIG AS THE FIRST, DID YOU?
WELL, WE CAN SOON FIX THAT!
PUFF! PUFF!
SKEE...
THERE! AN EXCELLENT SIZE I'M SURE YOU'LL AGREE... AND WHAT'S MORE IF YOU DON'T LIKE IT YOU CAN JUMP IT! JUMP IT, YEAH!
Scramble to page 21

TV COMIC

For the best in TV fun and thrills including Tom and Jerry, Dad's Army, Pink Panther, Skippy the Bush Kangaroo, Basil Brush, Bugs Bunny, Popeye and many others. On sale every Monday.

Playland

Lots of lovely stories based on Hector's House, Sooty and Sweep, Sir Prancelot, Camberwick Green and Tales of the Riverbank, and other TV favourites. On sale every Monday. Price 4p.

Playland
companion paper to Pippin
4p
Every Monday
HECTOR'S HOUSE
1. Hector, Zaza and Kiki each had an Easter egg on Easter morning. "Let's go for a walk in our pretty new Easter bonnets before we eat them," said Kiki.
CONTINUED ON BACK PAGE
Can you find a spoon, a candle, a safety pin, a mouse and a peg hidden in this picture?
Happy Easter To You All. From Uncle Of Mummy

TV ACTION +countdown

Follow all television's top ACTION adventures every week. Dr Who, U.F.O., The Persuaders, and Hawaii Five '0', are just four of the many stories in each 24-page issue. Plus other interesting features. Every Monday. Price 5p.

TV ACTION
+countdown
5p
BEGINS TODAY! BLISTERING ADVENTURE WITH...
HAWAII FIVE-O
TIGHTROPE
BIG LAUGHS WITH MOTORMOUSE and AUTOCAT
PLUS OLD FAVOURITES
UFO
THE PERSUADERS
PLANET OF THE DALEKS
I AM A DALEK. YOU WILL OBEY MY ORDERS.
THE DALEKS WILL OBEY THEIR NEW LEADER.
DR. WHO AND THE DALEKS
THE HUMANS MUST BE EXTERMINATED.
NOT YET. HE MAY BE OF USE TO THE DALEKS IN THE CONQUEST OF EARTH
WIN a Colour TV FOR YOUR FAMILY FREE COMP INSIDE!

FEATURING MANY WATCH WITH MOTHER FAVOURITES
PIPPIN
4p
Every Monday
ANDY PANDY
1. The hedge all round Andy Pandy's garden had grown too tall. Andy Pandy and Teddy couldn't see anyone who walked by on the other side. "I must cut it," said Andy.
CONTINUED ON BACK PAGE
Can you find a fan, a ring, a bucket and a mouse hidden in the picture?

PIPPIN

Say hallo to The Herbs, Mary Mungo and Midge, Bizzy Lizzy, Andy Pandy, The Pogles and lots more of your television friends every week in Pippin. On sale every Monday. Price 4p.

A Zeg Scan - with help from Alan. Thanks